Sisters 3 (2 of 2)
By Mollycoddles

Laughing, the three girls made their way toward the food court. Jesse was in much better spirits now! Sure, she was vaguely aware that it was ridiculous that she should be demanding lunch when she only ate breakfast, what, an hour ago? But, she told herself, I deserve a treat after all the hardships I’ve been through! The hardships ironically being that she had to buy bigger jeans. She just conveniently ignored the fact that rewarding herself like this would just inevitably lead to the point where she would have to buy EVEN BIGGER jeans.

“How about burgers? I’m gonna get a burger,” said Jesse, jabbing her thumb over her shoulder toward the burger place.

“Yeah, sure. Yolo. I’ll join you,” said Brianna. Jamie nodded.

The three girls quickly ordered their burgers – a burger and fry combo each – and then made their way through a maze of tables and chairs to find the perfect seat.

Jesse grunted as she attempted to perch comfortably on her stool; it wasn’t built to support a girl as broad in the beam as Jesse and the tubby teen’s wide-load rear sagged over both sides. Jesse thought back on her sister, remembering how Jen had, before leaving for college, grown so wide that she could actually spread her ass over two stools. Jesse shuddered at the thought. Unconsciously, she reached behind herself and squeezed a lobe of her buttocks. It was soft, yes, but it wasn’t THAT big. Not yet. But she was definitely growing plumper than ever these days and she needed to start paying attention to her eating habits or she was gonna end up even bigger than Jen!

Whatever! She wasn’t going to worry about that now. For now, she was just gonna enjoy her food.

“Hmmmph,” mumbled Jesse, her cheeks bulged with burger. She took another big gluttonous bite before she’d even swallowed, savoring the juicy savory meat and drippy sauce. Heavenly! Gawd, why did food taste so food? Had it always been this good? Is this why her mother was so insistent on everyone eating? Is this why her sister Jen never seemed to be able to control her own appetite? Jesse felt like she wouldn’t be able to control herself for much longer if everything was this tasty, this delectable, this blissful…

Brianna nudged Jamie in the nibs and pointed at Jesse. Jesse was chewing her burger placidly, like a cow chewing its cud, her eyes glazed over with gluttonous contentment.

“You, uh, liking your burger, Jesse?” asked Brianna.

“Hmmm…” mumurmered Jesse.

“Jeez,” whispered Jamie. “She wasn’t kidding! She really DOES go into her own world when she eats now.”

“Now wonder she’s getting so fat! I bet that’s something her older sister does too. It probably runs in the family!”

“Hey Jesse! Jesse! Earth to Jesse!”

“Hmmm?” Jesse mumbled in response, her eyes never leaving her food.

“Wow, she’s totally zoned out!” Brianna paused. “Hey, you wanna see HOW zoned out she is?”

“What? Brianna, what are you doing?”

“Nothing. It’s just a little experiment.” Brianna nudged the half-eaten remains of her own burger in front of Jesse. “Hey, Jesse, look. More food!”

“T’good, thanks,” muttered Jesse, not breaking stride as she stuffed the final bite of her first bite into her bulging cheeks and grabbed Brianna’s burger. Jamie and Brianna exchanged glances nd then broke into giggles.

“Ohmygawd!! She didn’t even notice!” whispered Jamie.

“This is hilarious,” said Brianna. She dug into her nurse and pulled out her wallet, quickly scanning her funds. “Hmm. I wonder how far we can push this.”

“Brianna, you can’t be serious! That’s mean!”

“It’s no big deal, we’re just gonna do a little social experiment. I just want to know how much Jesse can eat before she snaps out of it. I’m sure it won’t be THAT much. I mean, how much can she eat, after all?”

It turned out to be a surprising amount. Once she got started, Jesse seemed to just mindlessly eat as long as food was in front of her. Brianna and Jamie took turns marching to the kiosks to order new food, placing their orders in front of Jesse, and watching in rapt fascination as their friend gorged herself like a ravenous beast. Jesse barely even thought about it. Her mind was a calm blank, her entire being focused on the delicious taste on her tongue and the delightful warm full feeling in her belly. And, boy, that full feeling was just getting more and more intense, feeling better and better. Jesse sighed in empty-headed contentment.

“Hmm, like, these burgers are, like, soooo good!” she bubbled between bites, her glazed-over eyes not even noticing that she was currently on her fifth patty. Her bloated belly settled onto her thighs, spilling over the waistband of her relax-fit jeans and causing the hem of her baby-doll T-shirt to slide up. The revealed slab of tender pudge was only the beginning; if Jesse kept eating like this, it was certain to grow and grow and GROW! She shifted in her seat, vaguely annoyed with the sudden tightness of her pants but too stoned on food to wonder why her waistband was suddenly digging so cruelly into the tender flab around her middle.

“Hey, Jesse, you want a shake?” asked Brianna, shaking a big cup of chocolate shake in her friend’s face.

“What flavor,” mumbled Jesse, taking the cup before Brianna even had a chance to answer and tilting it into her mouth. Brianna and Jamie watched it rapt fascination as their friend chugged it down, her throat bobbing as she slurp slurp slurped until it was all gone and Jesse dropped the empty cup with a loud contented sigh. She licked her lips, picking up the last remnants of the frosty beverage that still spattered her chubby cheeks and burgeoning double chin. “Yum, tasty!”

From behind, the damage that Jesse’s new diet, or lack thereof, was doing to her figure was especially obvious. Her ass hung over both sides of the chair, her back pockets under enough stress that they would no longer snap shut. But Jesse only thought about food and eating. This was so good! She never wanted to stop. No wonder everyone in her family was so fat. This must just be her destiny!

POP! Jesse’s bloated gut launched forward onto her thighs as the snap on her new jeans popped open, her zipper slipping downwards with a loud grating sound. Jesse didn’t even blink, she was way too lost in her own world. But Brianna noticed and she elbowed Jaimie in the ribs.

“Holy shit, Jesse! You just popped your new jeans!”

“Hmmm, that’s cool,” said Jesse dreamily, not even paying attention. She took another bite and chewed with a stupid smile on her placid face.

“Um… hello? Jesse? C’mon, Jesse, you can’t be THAT dumb! Wake up!” Brianna snapped her fingers in front of Jesse’s face. Jesse crossed her eyes as she attempted to follow the movements of her friend’s fingers and then… just like that, she blinked and the spell seemed to be broken

“Oh what the – BUUUURRRP – hell?! How much did I eat?!”

“That was probably about… five burgers? And fries. And you sucked down a shake too.”

“My belly feels like it’s full of wet cement!” yowled Jesse. “Gawd, why did I eat so much!? BEEELCH!!! It was just so good that I lost control of myself… and I just zoned out… wait, how did I even – BURRRP – get five burgers?”

“Well, we kinda… bought them for you?”

“What!? You bought them for me? Why?”

Brianna shrugged. “Well, you seemed to be enjoying them so much. We wanted to see how many you really wanted…”

Jesse sucked in her gut as far as she could and wrestled her jeans closed again. Gawd, they were tight! She had a sinking feeling that she was going to have to buy even bigger jeans soon if she kept eating like this.

Jesse glared at her friends. “Ugh, you guys!!!” Then she regained her composure. “Okay, I’m not mad… but I’m only not mad because I need you guys to help me up.”

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“I can’t believe you two – BEEELCH – did that to me!” whined Jesse, cradling her bloated belly with one hand while keeping her other arm around Brianna’s shoulders for support.

“Sorry, we didn’t think it would actually work!” said Brianna. “We thought for sure you’d snap out of it really fast!”

“Yeah,” agreed Jamie. “We didn’t realize you were turning into your sister!”

“You take that back! BUUURP! You, like, take that back! I am NOT turning into my sister! We are, like, totally different people!”

“You just said ‘like’ again. And ‘totally!’ Oh my gawd, Jesse, you really are turning into a bubble-head, aren’t you?”

“And a bubble butt!” laughed Brianna, swatting across Jesse’s protruding posterior.

“Shut up! BEEELCH!!! It’s not – URRRRP – funny! And stop perving on my behind, you weirdos! BURP!!!” Jesse didn’t like the way her friends were starting to get all handsy with her overpumped butt, as if they had to keep touching and handling her chubby cheeks to convince themselves that, in fact, they were real and that Jesse wasn’t just shoving pillows down her panties or something!

“Hey, no need to be so sensitive! But I guess there’s a lot of you back there now, isn’t there?”

Jesse opened her mouth to say something smart but she only belched again.

Jesse was pissed. She was more than pissed! She couldn’t believe that her friends would do this to her. Moreso, she was pissed at herself for letting this happen. Because the truth was, sure, Jesse DID sort of go into a fugue state when she was eating. But… there was more to it than that. She kind of zoned out, but it wasn’t like she was TOTALLY oblivious. She knew what was happening and she knew, if she wanted to, she could totally snap herself out of it at any moment. But the thing was… she didn’t want to. There was something so satisfying, so soothing about just blissing out on food. She could see why her older sister was always so cheerful! It was fun to just not think, to just stuff yourself without worry. Jesse knew that she shouldn’t eat eight hamburgers in a row, she knew it was just ridiculous. It was unhealthy and it would wreck havoc on her waistline AND her digestion. But, at the same time, if she just turned off that part of her brain that always nagged at her with rational thoughts like that, then she could just…. Enjoy the experience. And, oh gawd, she had REALLY enjoyed it.

This was bad. If she got too addicted to this, she would only turn off her thinking more and more. And then she would REALLY be a bimbette blimpette, just like Jen!

Jesse belched again, the force of her burp causing her overloaded belly to bounce heavily against the crotch of her jeans. The snap popped open again and the zipper instantly slid down as her gut flopped out, but Jesse was too stuffed and dazed to even notice. All she knew was that she wanted to get home as soon as possible and just lie down. Gawd, her stomach hurt SO much! How could she have eaten so much? She needed to get herself under control! What was wrong with her?

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“Like, XYZ, Jesse!”

Jesse stared at her older sister in confusion. “Huh, like, what?”

Jesse leaned against the doorframe, her gutload weighing her down like a bowling ball, her forehead damp with the meat sweats. Jen sat on the couch, her plump legs propped up on the coffee table, a half-eaten bag of greasy potato chips at her side, her cheeks bulging, as she watched some braindead soap opera on TV. Jesse was honestly surprised that Jen had moved at all from the kitchen table, but apparently her mother must have given up on feeding her at some point. Probably when she realized that she needed to turn her attention to making dinner!

Jen pointed at Jesse’s crotch. The younger Sarovy girl looked down but only saw the bulge of her swollen belly.

“What are you talking about, Jen?”

“Like, your pants are open, Jesse!”

Jesse rolled her eyes. “You’re on crack. I think I would know!”

“I mean it! Like, look!”

Jesse looked again. Oh wait. Of course she couldn’t see what Jen was talking about! Her belly, sagging against the thin fabric of her baby doll T-shirt so that you could easily see the cavern of her deep navel, was blocking her view. What the fuck? How could she be confused by that? Any idiot would know that! Jesus, maybe she really WAS becoming a total airhead!

Jesse reached under her belly with her pudgy fingers and felt for the button on her jeans. Sure enough, the fly was open, spread wide by Jesse’s chubby fupa. Jesse’s white panties were clearly visible through the gap.

“Oh, shit! I can’t believe this! I walked all the way home with my jeans unzipped! Christ, how embarrassing! How could I do this?”

Jesse yanked at the fly, tugging at the zipper toggle with all her might, but it would not budge. She couldn’t see anything over the swell of her overloaded belly, but when she pressed her pudgy fingers against her fupa she could feel that it was big, fleshy and firm. No wonder she couldn’t zip her jeans!

“Jeez, this sucks! These jeans are brand now and I already can’t even zip them! Why did I eat so much at lunch? Gawwwwd, what am I gonna do?!”

“Like, don’t worry about it!” said Jen. “See, like, this is why I never wear jeans. I totally just wear leggings cuz then you don’t have to worry about, like, wardrobe malfunctions all the time! Here, I’ll get you a pair.”

“Leggings!? I don’t want leggings!” shouted Jesse, but Jen had already pried herself off the couch and started the laborious waddle back down the hallway toward her room. Jesse couldn’t help but notice the massive dent that her sister’s voluminous rump left in the couch; those cushions were absolutely crushed! That’s what happened when you get a quarter ton of butt just squish into the same spot every single day!

Don’t have to worry about wardrobe malfunctions? Ha! You still totally have to worry about wardrobe malfunctions, thought Jesse darkly as she watched her older sister’s tubby tushie jiggle, her beachball-sized cheeks ponderously sliding up and down past one another with every thundering footfall. The seat of her black leggings was fraying under the onslaught of all that tender young booty blubber, the striped blue patterning of Jen’s knickers faintly visible through the small but growing tears.

Moments later, Jen returned. She was carrying a pair of rainbow colored spandex leggings, so gauche and gaudy that Jesse wouldn’t be caught dead in them.

“Here! Like, these should fit you!”

Jesse’s eyes bulged from her sockets. “I am NOT wearing that! OMG! I’ll look like a total bimbo!”

“Like, what do you mean? I wear these all the time!”

“Yeah…. Exactly!”

Jen frowned, holding up the monster-sized stretch pants to get a better look at them. They were enormous, as big as a circus tent, obviously necessary to cradle a booty as big and deep as Jen’s. Across the seat, they said ‘I wish these were brains.’

“First of all, those colors are… ugh! They would make me look like a stupid valley girl! And, like, look what they say on them! ‘I wish these were brains?’ Like, what does that even mean?”

“Like, it means… ummm…. Like I had a butt in my brain… no wait, I mean, I mean, like, you know how I have a big butt, right? It means if my brain was as big as my butt, then… no wait…”

“Don’t explain it, I know what it means,” snapped Jesse crossly. Of course she knew what it meant! She wasn’t as ditzy as Jen, not yet! Or… wait…? She stared at the slogan again, crossing her eyes with the strain of trying to decipher the meaning. Did it mean that? Or… no, she was just confusing herself! Gawd!! Ugh!!

“Whatever! I guess I’ll just get changed.” Jesse angrily stomped into the bathroom. With considerable effort, she managed to wriggle the tight jeans down her thighs (made slightly easier by the fact that they were already unzippered), freeing her colossal bubble butt in the process. She could feel her behind pop out behind her, like a compressed spring being released, as the tight denim slid down. It was just another reminder that she was packing on the pounds with ease and in all the wrong places. Pretty soon, she was going to be getting stuck in doorways just like Jen!

She shuddered. Jen’s summer of sedentary gluttony had done little to help the bootilicious bimbo’s waistline and Jen was bigger than ever. She rarely moved, other than to wobble from the bed to the supper table. She spent most of her days sunning on the backyard patio or lazing in the pool, letting the water buoy her incredible chub like a raft. Yeah, that was appropriate… Jen was so fat these days that she basically looked like an inflatable raft. Jesse bit her lip. Was that her future? She was already as big now as Jen was when she graduated high school… and Jesse still had a year to go before her own graduation!

Jesse grabbed the elastic waistband of the stretchy leggings and shoved her plump feet into the garment, then desperately tried to wiggle her fat haunches into them. It wasn’t easy. The clingy fabric stuck to her thighs like glue and the chubby little cutie found that she had to do the fat girl “too tight pants dance” to force them up and over her bulging bottom. She could feel the seams tensing as she worked, dreading the moment that she heard the first POP or SNAP. But somehow, miraculously, they fit.

“I guess I’m not as big a fat ass as Jen yet,” said Jesse with a sigh of relief. That was good at least!

Jen clapped her hands gleefully when Jesse came back out from the bathroom.

“Like, you look so good! See? Like, that’s the style that we need!”

“I look like a whale. I look like a rainbow colored whale”

“Um, like, you look totally stylish! Those leggings look so fab! And besides, they totally show off your best assets!” Jen grinned as she brought her hand down in a sudden smack against the wall of flesh that was Jesse’s bulging badonkadonk. Jesse yelped in response as the loud SLAP echoed through the house and the reverberations of the impact vibrated through her spongy buns.

“Jen! What the hell?!”

“What? Like, c’mon, Jesse! You gotta be used to that sort of thing, aren’t you?”

“What? What the hell are you talking about?”

“Like, you never get booty slapped? Are you, like, kidding me? Like, it happens to me all the time!”

Jesse stared at her sister in shocked horror. “What? Booty slapped? Are you telling me that… people just slap your ass?”

“Yeah, like, for sure! Like, a lot of guys do it to get my attention. I think, like, it’s their way of flirting.” Jen smiled coyly. “And, like, I gotta say… it works! I mean, they don’t always slap it. Like, some boys will just, like, give you a little pinch on the cheeks when they pass you by in the halls at school, just a little way of saying hi. Or, like, sometimes you find a guy who just wants to rub it for good luck!”

“Oh my GAWD!! That’s terrible! You have to put up with that sort of thing?!”

“Like, you say that now, but just wait until you get your first booty slap from a boy. I bet you’ll totally like it!”

“No, I won’t!” Jesse wanted to cry. The future was looking worse and worse! Not only was she going to just keep getting fatter and fatter, but now the only thing that would fit over her fat ass were tacky leggings with awful lewd slogans written across the butt! She dreaded the idea that she would have to go out in public with her chubby cheeks blaring JUICY or THICC or BOOTY MAMA. And even worse, now she was finding out that, as her ass expanded, boys were going to start treating it like public property?! She was not looking forward to a lifetime of sexual harassment from big booty freaks! Oh gawd… she remembered how Brianna had slapped her ass at the mall. Was that part of it? Was her fat ass just going to become a magnet for perverts and jokers, the same way that people always insisted on touching a pregnant woman’s belly to feel the baby… Would everyone just suddenly stop respecting her boundaries just for a chance to grab at her magnificent ass?

“Like, Jesse, you know what your problem is? You, like, aren’t embracing your natural beauty. Like, you really got it going on, you need to own that!”

“Jen, this isn’t natural beauty. I’ve got a freakishly huge ass! I had to buy JUST MY SIZE ™ jeans today and I already can’t zip ‘em up! When I eat, I got into a trance and I just stuff my face til I’m ready to pop… and I can’t stop myself! Soon I’m gonna be huge! I’m gonna be as big as… as big as…”

“Like, as big as me?” Jen said quietly.

“Yeah! Well… I mean… yeah.” Jesse suddenly felt bad. She looked at Jen and noticed a sudden softness in her face, a pensive look that she’d never seen before. Oh shit, had she hurt Jen’s feelings? Was that possible? Jesse was so used to her sister being an oblivious ditz, a complete airhead who wouldn’t know she was being insulted even if you said it straight to her face. In fact, over the years, Jesse had made so many cutting remarks about her sister, teasing Jen about her big appetite and her bigger butt.

“I’m sorry, Jen, I didn’t… I didn’t mean anything by it… I just meant, well, Jen, maybe it works for you. I mean, you’ve got the confidence to pull it off. What you were saying about how boys all like your booty? It’s true! I remember back in school, before you graduated, guys were always asking me about my sister, if she was still dating Craig or if she was single again so that they could make a move on her. I just don’t get it! But look at me!” Jesse’s hands flew back to her own butt. “I’m not like you, Jen! I don’t LIKE having a huge ass! I don’t like being…” She groaned, cringing at the word that was about to come out of her mouth. “I don’t like being bootilicious!”

“No? Like, don’t worry! I’m gonna help you change!”

“How? You’re going to help me lose weight? Ha! That’s a laugh. I’m done for, Jen. Between mom’s cooking and my own gluttony, I don’t think I’m ever gonna drop a pound. I just keep getting bigger and bigger! My only hope is that I don’t get too big before I graduate… and maybe when I’m away at college, without mom to feed me all day, maybe then I can lose a few!”

“Like, lose weight? That’s not what I’m talking about at all! Like, there’s not enough bootilicious girls out there.” Jen draped her arms over her sister’s shoulders. “We booty gals gotta stick together! Don’t you worry about a thing, Jesse, I’m gonna teach you everything that you need to know about being a booty girl. By the time I’m done, you’ll have a whole new appreciation for life in the butt lane!”

Jesse rolled her eyes. That wasn’t even a real expression!

“C’mon, Jesse, I’ll tell you what your problem is. Like, your problem is that you don’t have anyone who can relate to, like, your problem. Like, you spend all day with your pals Brianna and Jamie? Like, do they know what it’s like to have a big fat ass like you?”

“No?”

“Yeah, of course not! Like, they just don’t get it! That’s why you’re upset. You need someone who can relate. And, like, don’t you think I can relate? Like, don’t you think it was hard for me before I learned how to be a booty girl? Like, everyone always making fun of my butt all the time? Like, it was so hard to find clothes to fit! And I almost dropped out of cheer camp my first summer cuz all the girls kept laughing at my big round booty!”

“I… I guess you’re right.”

“Like, I’m totally right! You need, like, guidance. And who better to trust for that than the ultimate booty queen?” Jen beamed. “I’m, like, talking about myself by the way.”

“I gathered,” said Jesse. “Well, thank you, Jen. That actually… means a lot.”

Jen hugged her little sister close, the two plump pears holding one another tight.

“Like, of course! What are big sisters for?”

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Molly Coddles is a longtime writer of weight gain, inflation, stuffing, and expansion erotica who loves big girls and everything about them! If you enjoyed this story, please consider leaving a review on Amazon to tell other readers’ what you thought! You can also find more of my work at the following addresses:

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Best wishes,

Molly Coddles